

Livermore, Mary

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# Abraham Lincoln's Contemporaries

Mary Livermore

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A SERVICE OF

# Temperance and Purity

IN HONOR OF THE TEMPERANCE WORK OF  
MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE

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"My confidence in certain victory of all moral effort, in the immortality and triumph of what is right, is fixed, and never will die."



PREPARED BY THE  
UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

# A Service of Temperance and Purity



## I. Introductory Words . . . . . To be read by the Superintendent

Fill thy heart with ever-active love,—  
Love for the wicked, as in sin he lies,  
Love for thy brother here, thy God above;  
Fear nothing ill; 'twill vanish in its day;  
Live for the good, taking the ill thou must.  
Toil with thy might, with manly labor pray;  
Living and loving, learn thy God to trust,  
And he will pour upon thy soul the blessings of the just.

## II. Hymn. "The Holy Plan" . . . . . Mrs. M. A. Livermore

(Tune. "Missionary Chant" or "Hursley.")

Not by the harsh or scornful word	But from our hearts must ever flow
Should we our brother seek to gain;	A love that will his wrong outweigh;
Not by the prison or the sword,	Our lips must only blessings know,
The shackle or the clanking chain.	And sin and vice will die away.

'Twas heaven that formed the holy plan  
To bring the wanderer back by love;  
Then let us win our brother man,  
And do thy will, O God above.

## III. Responsive Reading.

Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord.

*We would gather together, men, and women, and children, that we may hear and observe to do all the words of this law.*

Be not among wine-bibbers and riotous eaters of flesh, for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

*Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him.*

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like, of the which I tell you, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

*But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.*

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

*For we are to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of love.*

## IV. Reading . . . . . By the SUPERINTENDENT

We must not for a moment lose sight of the fact that this temperance movement is up for settlement, and that it never can be settled until it is settled right. Will it ever be settled right? Certainly. Are you sure of it? Just as sure of it as I am that the sun will rise to-morrow. Let me only feel that the everlasting right of God is underneath my feet, and some time, somewhere, I win. I have lived a good many years in the world. I have gone through a good many reforms. I have at last arrived at the point where my confidence in certain victory of all moral effort, in the immortality and triumph of what is right, is fixed, and never will die. Victory may be postponed, but I am confident that it will come. The time is coming when, if we continue this work against the liquor traffic, the end will come. You and I may not live to see it; but our children and our children's children will be the gainers, and we on the other side shall take our part in the great rejoicing when the cry of jubilee shall rise, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

MARY A. LIVERMORE.



# V. Hymn. "The Light of Truth is breaking."

(Tune, "Glory, Hallelujah." See The Carol, page 120.)

The light of truth is breaking ;  
On the mountain-tops it gleams ;  
Let it flash along our valleys,  
Let it glitter on our streams,  
Till all our land awakens  
In its flush of golden beams.  
Our God is marching on.

*Chorus :* Glory, glory, hallelujah !  
Glory, glory, hallelujah !  
Glory, glory, hallelujah !  
Our God is marching on !

With purpose strong and steady,  
In the great Eternal's name,  
We rise to snatch our kindred  
From the depths of woe and shame,  
And the jubilee of freedom  
To the slaves of sin proclaim.  
Our God is marching on.

*Chorus :* Glory, glory, hallelujah ! etc.

From morning's early watches  
Till the setting of the sun,  
We will never flag nor falter  
In the work we have begun.  
Till the foes have all surrendered  
And the victory is won.  
Our God is marching on.

*Chorus :* Glory, glory, hallelujah ! etc.

# VI. "The Way we would live." To be read in concert or as a recitation.

God means every soul to be  
Upright, honest, pure, and free.

May this meaning grow forever  
In my life's most high endeavor.

God expects in childhood, youth,  
First of all unswerving truth.

All his laws and precepts teach  
Truth in act and thought and speech.

Always pleasing in his sight  
Is the child who walks upright,—

Who, with honest purpose, still  
Thinks, and speaks, and works God's will.

God's best promise cometh sure  
To the life that keepeth pure ;

Read it in the Master's chart,  
"Blessed are the pure in heart."

"For"—the promise falls with grace—  
"They shall find and see God's face."

Through the pure in heart and mind  
Freedom comes to all mankind,—

Freedom for the righteous cause,  
Righteous lives, and righteous laws.

Thus the meaning of God's will  
In *our* lives may we fulfil.

GEORGE M. BODGE.

# VII. Choral Response.

Blessed are they whose ways are pure.



Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.

*We bless thee, O God, etc.*

Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.

*We bless thee, O God, etc.*

Blessed is the man whom God correcteth.

*We bless thee, O God, etc.*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

*We bless thee, O God, etc.*

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

*We bless thee, O God, etc.*

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

*We bless thee, O God, etc.*

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

*We bless thee, O God, etc.*

VIII. **Prayer.** To be said by all.

Our Father in Heaven: We would be pure and clean within, true to thee, and loving toward one another. We would be like Jesus, that we may live as he lived, and do thy will with every day. We would not do anything which is wrong or which will make us at any time feel that we are not worthy of being thy children. When we have been tempted and given way to evil, wilt thou forgive us and take us home to thy father heart once more, that we may again try to be loving and good. May we often think of how we can help others, how we can make life braver and purer for them, by that gentle and loving spirit which was in Jesus, our great friend and teacher. In his name may we try to do all the good we can. Thus would we be the children of thy love. AMEN.

IX. **Hymn.** "The Red-cross Banner" . . . . . *Samuel Longfellow*  
(Tune, "Christmas.")

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world:	He who, no anger on his tongue,
Now, each man to his post!	Nor any idle boast,
The red-cross banner is unfurled:	Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
Who joins the glorious host?	He joins the sacred host!
He who, in fealty to the truth,	He who, with calm, undaunted will,
And counting all the cost,	Ne'er counts the battle lost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—	But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the noble host!	He joins the faithful host!

X. **Addresses or Lessons.**

Biographical sketches of Mrs. Livermore can be found in the biographical dictionary called "A Woman of the Century," page 467; "Our Famous Women," E. S. Phelps, page 386; "Woman's Work," Brockett, page 577; "Girls who became Famous," Sarah K. Bolton, page 50; *Woman's Journal*, June 17, 1893; *Arena*, August, 1892, volume six, page 261; "Twenty-five Years on the Lecture Platform," by Mrs. Livermore. Help can also be found in Mrs. Livermore's own books, called "My Story of the War," "What shall we do with our Daughters?" and "Selections," published by the Massachusetts Women's Christian Temperance Union, 171 Tremont Street, Boston. It is suggested that an address be given on the life and work of Mrs. Livermore or on her temperance labors.

XI. **Hymn.** "The One Household" . . . . . *Mary A. Livermore*  
(Tune, "Auld Lang Syne.")

Oh, not as strangers do we part,	What if we meet no more as now?
To sunder far and wide;	Life is a journey fleet,
We make one household of our Lord,	And this is but a wayside inn,
Whatever may betide.	Where we refreshment meet.
Has not his love descended here,	But in the City of our God,—
In pentecostal way,	When death is overpast,—
And flashed along the electric wires	The banquet shall be spread anew,
That link our souls to-day?	And long as heaven shall last.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

XII. **Closing Service.** Responses.

Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.  
*Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit.*  
Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.  
*Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*  
Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning.  
*Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.*  
The Lord preserve thee from all evil, the Lord preserve thy soul.  
*May the Lord make his face to shine upon us, and give us peace.*

XIII. **Closing Word.** To be said in concert.

Earthly life is the first school of the soul, where there are lessons to be learned, tasks to be mastered, hardships to be borne, and where God's divinest agent of help is often hindrance. And only as we learn well the lessons given us here may we expect to go joyfully forward to that higher school to which we shall be promoted, where the tasks will be nobler, the lessons grander, the outlook broader, and where life will be on a loftier plane.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

XIV. **Benediction.** To be sung.

We bless thee, O God: we praise thy glorious name!



# Old Civil War Letter Recalls Great Woman

By EMERINE S. REES.

THE "magnificent war record" of Mary A. Livermore is a matter of history. Through all the bitter experiences incident to the Civil War there was no stouter heart, no more heroic, helpful woman on the field of battle than this noble woman, long ardent advocate of the temperance movement and the enfranchisement of women.

Through the stress and strain of war she had the confidence, respect and good will of the soldiers, as she worked with the Northwestern branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, mothering the boys in Blue.

This is Mrs. Livermore's own testimony: "In all my intercourse with our soldiers, in camp and field and hospitals, in the East, West and Southwest, I have never encountered the least disrespect in word, manner, tone and look from officer or private. Had I been what the sick men in hospitals so generally called me—'Mother'—to them, all, their manner could not have been more wholly unexceptionable."

## Story of Wedding Ring.

With the warp and woof daily woven in the loom of Mrs. Livermore's busy life is the story of a wedding ring, told long ago by the late departed Youth' Companion.

One of the 1,700 letters that Mrs. Livermore wrote during one year for the soldiers was one for a dying soldier shot through the lungs. One night, years after the war, she had just finished a lecture at Albion, Mich., when an elderly woman came to her and asked: "Do you remember writing a letter for John Blank of the 127th Michigan volunteers, when he lay dying in the Overton Hospital at Memphis, during the spring of 1863, and of completing the letter to his wife and mother after he died?"

## Recognized Handwriting.

The gray haired woman took a letter from her pocket, and Mrs. Livermore recognized her own handwriting on the pages long forgotten, now torn, worn and sewed

together with fine stitches. The dying soldier had dictated four pages to his nearest and dearest, and after his death, Mrs. Livermore added such words of sympathy as came from her motherly heart.

When she had finished reading the letter the woman said: "I think my daughter-in-law and I would have died but for that letter. It comforted us both, and by-and-by when we heard of other women similarly afflicted, we sent them the letter to read, till it was torn into pieces. Then we sewed the pieces together and made copies of the letter, which we sent to those of our acquaintances whom the war had bereft."

## Wish Fulfilled.

Annie, the son's wife, never got over John's death; "the life went out of her," the old woman said, eight years before she died. Just before her death she said to her mother: "Mother, if you ever find Mrs. Livermore, or hear of her, I wish you would give her my wedding ring which has never been off my finger since John put it there. Ask her to wear it for John's sake and mine, and tell her this was my dying request."

Then the woman, who lived eight miles from Albion, told Mrs. Livermore how she had read in the paper that she was to lecture there and decided to drive over "and," she ended, "if you will accept it—to give you Annie's ring."





